#### AMERICA IN FRANCE

XI—Domremy

Domremy is a wee mite of a town, seasting in times of peace but some 300 inhabitants and in war-time even fewer than that. It is little more than a small collection of houses, humble and broken down, on the road that leads to Toul, lying on the left bank of the river Meuse.

ying on the left bank of the river Meuse.

Yet there is not a single American soldier, Catholic or Protestant or Jew or what not, who, learning that chance has placed him for a while in the region about Domremy, does not bend every effort to visit it, even though the visit may entail a long overland hike after a week of much hiking.

For Domremy — Domremy-la-Pucelle, as the guidebooks call it—is the birthplace, the shrine of Jeanne d'Arc; and, being that, it is the one shrine above all in France for all Americans to honor.

Over the road leading to the south, the very road by which Jeanne and her family fied Neurchauteau to escape the marauding band of Antonie de Vergny, the governor of Champagne, who espoused the English cause, you can see the Americans trudging of a Sunday. Over the road from the north, the road by which the Maid of France set out for Voucouleurs to beg the ald of the Sire de Baudricourt for her high adventure, you can them tramping in amain. Yet they march with less than their usual biltheness and abandon, if anything; for, one and all, they instinctively feel that they are about to enter on holy ground.

#### The Mission of Jeanne

The Mission of Jeanne
Holy ground it is indeed, as holy in
the eyes of long suffering France as the
tombs of Mt. Vernon and of Springfield, Illinois, are in the eyes of America. Here, in this obscure little hamlet
of the Lorraine marshes, was born she
who was to lead her country, sore oppressed by foreign rule, sore beset by internal strife, to liberation and unity.
Though her work was later set at
naught, though her striving had to be
repeated, over and over again, by men
less worthy, less disinterested than she,
yet she it was who gave to the French
the vision of a united and restored nation, free from foreign domination, a

tion, free from foreign domination, a nation wholly French. As she put it. "It is my Lord's will that the Dauphin should be king and receive the kingdom

should be king and receive the kingdom in trust—," meaning in trust for the king of Kings.

Reverently the Americans enter the village, and proceed to the little church. successor to the edifice in which Jeanne was baptized and in which, for long hours, she used to implore the aid of her amintly trio, the great St. Michael and Sts. Marguerite and Catherine, the martyrs who sent her forth on the quest that ended in her own martyrdom.

Sts. Marguerite and Catherine, the martyrs who sent her forth on the quest that ended in her own martyrdom.

There in the garishly new but none the less inspiring windows of stained glass, they can read her history, from the time when, under the great beech tree on the hill beyond, she heard the voices calling her to the time when, reviled and discredited, she was led to the stake at Rouen.

#### Pligrims, Not Sightseers

Perhaps they enter the little church during service, and hear the choir of children singing "Sur ton front, o noble heroine," the hymn especially dedicated to the Maid of Domremy. Perhaps, too,

children singing "Sur ton Iront, o nouse heroine," the hymn especially dedicated to the Maid of Domremy. Perhaps, too, as on one occasion, they retire abashed before the eloquent welcome of M. le Curé, uttered from the pulpit itself.

The good man has been exceedingly touched to see the Americans, strangers from more than 6,000 kilometers overseas, come trooping by twos and threes, Sunday after Sunday, into his famous little parish, and coming frankly as pilgrims, not as mere sightseers. In consequence, his greeting is warm, and it loses none of its warmth because of the fact that, perhaps, not one in four of his khaki auditors can comprehend it all. Certainly, on their part, their appreciation is just as great as if they understood every word of it; they are a content at being able to divine the spirit behind it.

Then, of course, there is the shrine of shrines of Domremy, the little house close by the church in which, on January 6, 1412, Jeanne was born, with the white marble statue of her that was sent from England, the model of the bronze statue wrought in her memory by Princess Marie of Orleans, and the learlier one given by King Louis XI, adorning the room on the ground floor in which the family of Jacques d'Arc, all unmindful of the fame that was to come to them because of the youngest daughter sat during the long cold evenings—colder and bleaker in old Lorathe than in any other part of France.

#### The Room With the Double Window

From this room the pilgrims may proceed, with hats off and with reverent step, through the low door that leads into the bare little room known as Jeanne d'Arc's own, with its double window looking out on the garden beyond. Above, on the second floor, they may see a collection of arms, of pictures, books and other relics of the days when the peasant girl led the fleur-delys to victory.

Interesting as the house and the

when the peasant girl ieu the mean that the church are, the Americans do not stop with them. High up on the neighboring hill, in the Bois-Chenu, on the very spot where the wondering maid heard those miraculous voices uriging her to go forth and save France, stands the Basilique da Jeanne d'Arc. There, in the beauti-

cards, little gold Lorraine crosses, little medals—any and all fit to make glad the heart of an American mother. But it is violating no secret to say that many of those little medals of the Maid to those little medals of the Maid and themselves attached, sooner attr., to the sweaty cords on which the identification tags of the Americans are strung; for if they had not considered comessives, in part at least, the knights of Jeanne d'Arc, the followers of her white and gold banner, the co-deliverer with her of the fair land which she thread so well and for which she laid sown her fair young life—why, they a couple of blocks. I bet maybe it is him to the many of the things you have led your men so bravely hrough the fight.

And then she says And to think of it how you dress as mere pyts, and have to don't know you are above them.

Well Henry I will write more to this letter this evening and tell you how we come out.

S. T. B.

4 p.m. Buck was just looking out of the window and he says he thought he saw our top sergt, cross the street down sown her fair young life—why, they a couple of blocks. I bet maybe it is him to the thing through the fight.

#### HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

PROVING YOU CAN'T DÓDGE OLD ACQUAINTANCES EVEN IN A STRANGE CORNER OF A STRANGE LAND



and which is being occupied by only a couple of buck pyts. at present, which is I and Buck.

Last nite when we went to bed Buck laid his pants on a chair that Morgan maybe used onse to put his pants on and then Buck and I pretended like he had as much money in his pants as Morgan had in his and pretty soon he kept talking so much I had to get up and put a hair against the door so a burglar couldn't get in and lift our wad.

Well Henry I guess if a burglar took a notion to come in he could do it all rite but he could cuss like hell after he found how hard he'd worked for nothing.

Anyway Henry it is a whole lot of fun to hang round where some rich bird has been and just pretend you are him. I'll set by just staying here we can cop of liny jane in town when we want to. It is a great advertisement for a couple of tok pyts, who has never had any real hanse in the world Henry.

Well so long Henry.

B. T. B.

Alt. France. Sept. 30, 1918.

hanse in the world Henry.

Well so long Henry,

S. T. B.

Aix, France, Sept. 30, 1918.
Friend Henry: Well Henry things are sure developing round here which is all in our favor. Yesterday Buck got upart and went swimming and about a hour later I got up and went down to the lake to where he was. I saw a guy setting up on the beach with a couple of pretty dolls and of course I figured it was Buck and so I started up there.

When I got in about 50 yds. of them Buck came running to meet me and shook hands with me like he hadn't seen me since the war started and then he whispered to me and says for me to saloot him and call him a captain as he has gone and told the janes that he is a captain etc. and that he is making a big hit. Sure I says to him. Why

shook hands with me like he hadn't seen me since the war started and then he whispered to me and says for me to saloot him and call him a captain as he has gone and told the janes that he is a captain etc. and that he is making a big hit. Sure I says to him. Why wouldn't I Henry when you can get away with something like that back here. Well Henry you can't guess what he pulled next. He says to the janes Meet lootenant Brown who is my lst loot and who captured Chato Thiery. Well Henry these janes was both English or American and it nearly knocked them dead. One which was the prettiest one Henry

these janes was both English or American and it nearly knocked them dead.

One which was the pretitest one Henry got up and says I am so glad to meet you lootenant etc. She says The captain has told me all about your wonderful work at Chato Thiery etc.

Well Henry about that time Buck nudged me with his elbow which of course was a sign for me to carry on like our loot says. And I guess I carried on too. Oh I says That's nothing. There's many a plain old buck pvt. who has done that much I says to her.

Well Henry they were both all togged up in a I plece bathing suit and which was kind of cut low at the top etc. and I guess that was enough to make anybody want to be a captain or a loot.

We sure had everything all our own way Henry until one of them got inquisitive and ask Buck why it was we didnt' wear Sam Brown belts etc. Bucks face got redder than a verylite or something that thursts high up when there ain't no moon and he was about to say something that would of spoiled the deal when I says Oh we officers don't make a practise of wearing them on the line be-

something that would of spoiled the deal something that would of spoiled the deal something that would of spoiled the deal something them on the line because the enemy would take a crack at us first thing off the bat.

Well Henry everything was going all rite for us when some sekund loot from the Q.M. Corpse come along and passed us. Of course if I had of salcoted him it would look like we was only pvts. so I didn't salcot and neither did Buck.

Henry this loot hadn't took 6 steps when he turned round and come back to where we was. Don't you ever salcot an offiser he says to us and of course we both stood up and saluted and then

we both stood up and saluted and then

miraculous voices urging her to go forth and save France, stands the Basilique de Jeanne d'Arc. There, in the beautiful crypt, they may see the frescoes by Monchablon, to the bonor of the French Army and Navy; the statues of St. Martin and St. George, the banners pressuled by the proud cities of Toulouse and Cambral, and other things recalling the progress of the great work which the maid set on foot.

And from the basilica there is to be had such a view of the valley of the Meuse as is hardly to be obtained anywhere else throughout the entire length of that famous stream. Local legend has it that the fairles used to play about the knoll on which the basilica is situated, and the great beech tree thereon was called in consequence L'Arbre des Ffees There it was, too, that the young folk of Domremy, and the neighboring village of Groux, used to foregather every May to play their rustic games, and to dance in a ring—Jeanne, in her childhood, fured there, too.

The Descent—and Souvenirs

Rejuctantly, the Americans made the dascent from the hill down the road to the town again. They buy picture post-cards, little gold Lorraine crosses, little medals and the heart of an American mother. But it is violating no secret to say that have a stand of course we both stood up and saluted and then we waked on.

The idea of him talking to a captain the walked on.

The idea of him talking to a captain like that this girl of Bucks says. Why didn't you tell him you was a captain she says to Buck. Well of course we would of told him we were officers from the front I says He would of only been would of told him none. If we would of told him none. If we would of told him none is an any and all to the valley of the would of told him none is a survey we both look like pvts. dressed up like this and I can't blame him none. If we would of told him we were officers from the front I says He would of only been would of told him we were officers from the front I says He would of told him we were officers from the front I says He would of tol

coming to Aix too for his vacation. I

his allotment all rite and you two givs remember it is your turn on K.P. because you missed your turn last time. This guy was the Top hisself Henry.
So long for this time Henry.
S. T. B.
P.S. My girl just called up Henry and wanted to know if Pvt Brown cared to take a walk. Maybe it will refresh you she says.

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He was reading the latest issue of his ome apper—meaning a copy that was wo months old.

two months old.

Suddenly he sighed dolefully.

"Well," said his bunkle, "what's eatln' your heart out now? Prohibition mayor elected? Girl marry some one else? Casey's poolroom gone into hankruptcy?"

"Worse'n that," he explained.

"They've given a doc I know a commission."

sion."
"Not so bad,' said bis bankic. "Soft for you if you meet him. Week in quarters for a cold in the head."
"Soft nothing," he contradicted. "I owe him two dollars."

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hest mean?"
"Means I went into Mexico.'
"Then what's that green one?"
"Means I came out."

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